

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

WHAT MAIDIE MIGHT HAVE MISSED.

BY ELSIE SEE.

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MAIDIE, what put this silly idea of working in your uncle's office into your head asked her mother.

"Oh, who knows but I might write a 'best seller' some day with a working girl for a heroine?" retorted Maidie smilingly.

"If Judson has any jobs open that call for unskilled labor," said her father, "run along; it will do you no harm." Then, seeing his wife's exasperated expression, he added: "If she were a boy we'd think the more of her for having spunk enough to begin at the bottom; why not let her have a fling at real work?"

"Uncle Jud's letter says that he's game to give me a chance to make good," said Maidie, rising from the breakfast table and leaning both arms on the back of her chair, as if the better to convince her audience. "He says his filing department is managed by a woman, who has three assistants, and that I may come and fill a vacancy that will occur next week, and he won't let on to a soul that I'm related to him. Won't it be fun? Ever so much more interesting than afternoon teas and gossip feasts!"

"Be careful to behave so as not to excite comment," warned her father, "or you'll find that gossip thrives in a business office as well as it does wherever human beings congregate long enough to become familiar with each other's peculiarities and shortcomings."

When Maidie entered upon her office duties the next week she found everything of interest, from registering the time of her daily arrival and departure at the big time clock to watching the skilled movements of the nimble-fingered typists and the many shirt-sleeved clerks in the big offices of her uncle's wholesale shoe business.

"Miss Mason," said the head filing clerk to Maidie toward the end of the second week, "the advertising manager is going to send one of his assistants over here to look through all orders received from ten large accounts in the Middle West since his advertisements came out in the farm papers, and I wish you to help find the orders. Here comes the young man now. Mr. Webster, Miss Mason will help you to find the orders and to tabulate the information you want."

For an hour or more Maidie and the young man worked away without a word except with reference to the dates of orders, and the number of pairs of shoes listed in the different grades and prices.

"What a lot of people wear two-dollar shoes," said Maidie, after a peep at the modish shoes worn by her co-worker and a satisfied glance at her own six-dollar pumps.

"And what a lot of money the firm spends advertising them," said young Webster. "Five thousand dollars for a farm paper campaign! At twenty-five cents profit on one pair it would take four pairs to net one dollar and twenty thousand pairs to net five thousand dollars."

"It would have taken me hours to get the answer," said Maidie, with a frank smile in her big brown eyes. "But think of those twenty thousand pairs of shoes all exactly alike, and yet no two of the twenty thousand people who wear them will be alike."

"That is worth that friendly glance from Maidie had something to do with making her remark seem so worthy of consideration. "And think

what a fellow could get besides two-dollar shoes with the forty thousand dollars those twenty thousand pairs would cost."

"For instance?" Maidie's inquiry was born of her interest to know what such an alert young man would fancy.

"Oh, a peach of a car and enough to invest in the business here to hope to draw more than fifteen per."

"Fifteen per!" exclaimed Maidie. "Why, I'm getting only ten a week."

"May I ask what you would do if forty thousand fell into your lap?"

"Buy a bugalow in the Adirondacks or perhaps a string of matched pearls at Tiffany's," said Maidie, promptly, naming two things her indulgent father had refused her.

"Where-ew!" This half exclamation and half whistle from Webster began loudly as an expression of amazement at Maidie's extravagant tastes, but ended as a subdued warning of the approach of Judson Warren, president of the firm.

Maidie blushed as her uncle began to question Webster about the results of the farm-paper campaign. Although it was according to her agreement with him, she felt piqued that he did not greet her cordially. She looked down and rummaged through the files in such evident confusion that the head file clerk swept up and asked Mr. Webster whether he was unable to find some information desired.

"Oh, no, everything is quite satisfactory, Miss Giles," said Mr. Warren, and with a quick side glance at Maidie, he passed on to the sample rooms beyond.

"A personal telegram for you, Webster," called out a clerk, pointing him out a waiting messenger boy. Webster received the message, opened and read it, and started to purse his lips for another whistle, but refrained.

"I believe you've been a mascot, Miss Mason; for this is royal good news. It begins to look as if my ship is coming in. Will you continue as mascot by wishing me well on a journey this telegram asks me to make?"

"Certainly, if you'll promise not to snub me the next time we meet."

"Please don't take me for a cad, but it may be many weeks before I return."

"By that time I shall have lost my job, for Miss Giles is glaring at me this minute. Maidie looked up with a naive smile. "If she turns me off, will you take me as a deckhand when your ship comes in?"

"Agreed!" said young Webster, extending his hand. "Goodbye."

Maidie wondered vaguely if some old aunt had died and left him a few hundred dollars, but thought little more of him as the week passed. She found the daily repetition of the same work becoming so monotonous that she decided to join her mother at the seashore the following week.

"Come to your senses too late to meet the catch of the season," said her mother. "Captain Ware's nephew, to whom the old captain left his big fortune, has been here."

"Did he open up that queer old cottage next door to Aunt Mary's?"

"Yes, and was in and out of your Aunt Mary's house quite informally, she having been one of the few friends of his eccentric uncle, who died years ago, but in some out-of-the-way place in his town house, I do wish you'd been here to meet the nephew, for he is really interesting."

"Since I missed him, I'll make amends by going at once to see Aunt Mary," laughed Maidie.

As she entered the flower garden in the rear of her aunt's cottage, Maidie lingered under the crape myrtle trees with their masses of pinkish lavender blossoms. She caught glimpses through the shrubbery of the clear blue water and frothy white caps which swept in front of the cottage. She fell into a reverie, from which she was awakened by a step on the gravel walk. Looking up, she met the surprised eyes of young Mr. Webster.

"Miss Mason! What good fortune

THE OUTDOOR GIRL (THERE ARE FOUR OF HER) NOW WEARS SILK PANTALETES WHEN SHE GOES TO THE BEACH



This is the Outdoor Girl. There's four of her, really. For the Outdoor Girls plays golf and tennis, sails and swims. We will leave it to you to say when she is the prettiest, in the saucy suit

of red and brown golf cloth, in the navy blue rainproof yachting or sailing suit, in her scarlet tennis coat, or in the "cutey" little pantalette beach suit. The pantalettes are silk and like the slip of rose color rubberized silk

above them they are made to dip right into the water. The Outdoor Girl and her various suits will compete for a \$3,000 fashion prize offered by Commodore James A. Pugh of Chicago in his effort to make America first in fashions.

brings you here?"

"The good fortune of having Mrs. Warren for my aunt."

"And it's my good fortune to have her for a neighbor since my ship came in and brought me the house next door as part of a legacy from my uncle. Do you remember our agreement about there being a place for you on my ship?"

"As a deckhand?" Maidie smilingly glanced at her dainty summer gown.

"I'm afraid I'm not in regulation uniform."

"Not as deckhand, but as mate and mascot all in one, and no uniform could be more perfect than that you now wear. Will you accept the commission?"

"I'll consider it," said Maidie.

"But hadn't we better let Aunt Mary introduce us properly?"

"Fate did that a week ago in your uncle's office, but if the conventions must be observed, let's have it over as soon as possible so that we may begin to plan for our cruise together."

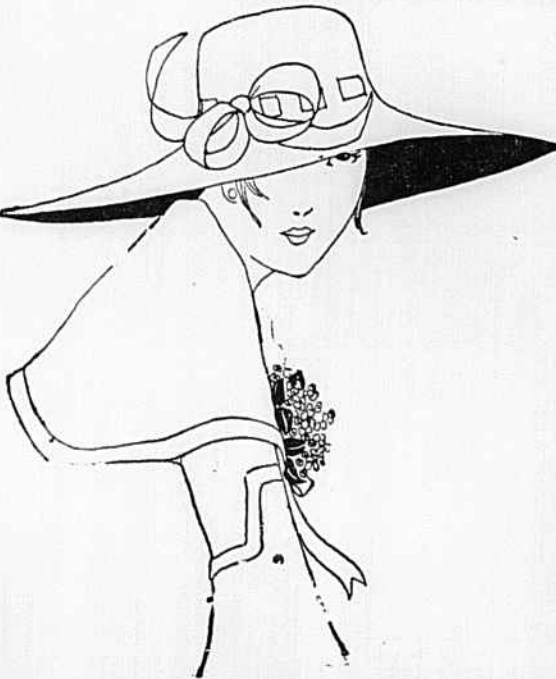
For answer, Maidie led the way to her aunt's front veranda.

Why He Was Sad.

"Seemed to sadden old Geldbox when his new son-in-law said good-bye after the wedding. Is he so fond of him?"

"Well, not exactly. You see the new son-in-law didn't say good-bye; he said 'Au revoir'." — Browning's Magazine.

WIDE BRIM—LITTLE TRIMMING FOR OUR AUTUMN MILLINERY!



BY BETTY BROWN

The new fall hat—the hat we will wear until we put on furs, is a hat of much brim and little trimming.

Pictures speak just as loud as words so I will let this Fashion-Art sketch tell you the story of the fall hat with

its wide, irregular brim, sloping crown and tailored trimmings.

It's a soft felt in citron color faced with that blue that you may call anything from "Alice blue" to "old blue."

The band of felt faced around the brim is citron color faced with blue.

HEALTH HINTS

The laboratories have put into the hands of physicians a new and effective weapon to use in the war against preventable disease. This is the Shick test for diphtheria. It is a simple, safe test, the result of research work by Prof. Shick, of Vienna, which shows whether a given person has diphtheria or not.

The results of its use are already apparent. Through its use physicians are now reasonably certain that 80 per cent. of the new born, 50 to 60 per cent. of adults are naturally immune from diphtheria.

This throws new light upon the spread of the disease and explains why only certain persons take diphtheria even when exposed to it. This test will show whether a person has sufficient antitoxin in his blood to

FAMILY AVOIDS SERIOUS SICKNESS

By Being Constantly Supplied With Theodor's Black-Draught.

McDuff, Va.—"I suffered for several years," says Mrs. J. B. Whitaker, of this place, "with sick headache, and stomach trouble."

Ten years ago a friend told me to try Theodor's Black-Draught, which I did, and I found it to be the best family medicine for young and old.

I keep Black-Draught on hand all the time now, and when my children feel little bad, they ask me for a dose, and it does them more good than any medicine they ever tried.

We never have a long spell of sickness in our family, since we commenced using Black-Draught."

Theodor's Black-Draught is purely vegetable, and has been found to regulate weak stomachs, aid digestion, relieve indigestion, colic, wind, nausea, headache, sick stomach, and similar symptoms.

It has been in constant use for more than 70 years, and has benefited more than a million people.

Your druggist sells and recommends Black-Draught. Price only 25c. Get a package to-day.

overcome an infection with diphtheria germs.

Some of the other uses of the Shick test are as follows:

It will enable the physician to make a correct diagnosis of membranes of the throat which has reason to suspect are infected.

It will enable doctors to separate the susceptible from the non-susceptible persons who have been exposed to diphtheria.

This will enable doctors to administer diphtheria antitoxin only to those who actually need it.

It will also prevent the accidents due to serum sickness for doctors can now determine by the use of this test whether a larger amount of antitoxin serum would have any bad effects.

It will enable doctors to determine, when diphtheria germs are found in the throat of an apparently well person, whether this person is coming down with the disease or whether he is a "carrier."

A "carrier" is a person who although in good health himself literally carries thousands of dangerous germs around in his system which in various ways are given off to other people. This will prevent the infection of thousands of people annually.

Health Questions Answered.

J. E. J.—"How should I have treated a burn caused by strong lye?"

Pour vinegar over the burn, then wash it off with water, dry gently, and apply vaseline or cold cream.

WORTHINGTON.

John Yaquina, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Yaquina, was drowned in Binghamon creek on Saturday afternoon while in bathing. After an all-night search the body was recovered about 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. A netting of poultry wire had been stretched across the creek and the body lodged against it. The remains were interred in the Italian cemetery at Monongah on Sunday evening.

Claude Wells and Lawrence G. Sandy will leave on Wednesday evening for a pleasure trip to Cleveland, Ohio, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y., Detroit, Mich., and other points in the north.

SMITHTOWN

Mr. and Mrs. James Jolliffe, of Fairmont, is spending a few weeks in Smithtown with their brother Thomas Jolliffe.

Mrs. Dallas Haun and little daughter, of Catawba, spent Sunday in this place with her friends.

Mrs. C. D. Malone, who has been sick for some time, is still in a critical condition.

Mrs. Arnett, of Fairmont, is visiting her niece, Henth Michael.

Many persons attended the quarterly meeting at the M. P. church here Saturday and Sunday.

Many of the campers at the Coogle farm left for their homes Saturday. The camp will be filled up this week by others from Fairmont.

The church at this place has been

provided with a new carpet which was much needed.

Miss Zoe West, of near Buckwood, spent Sunday in Smithtown the guest of Dr. Krammer's family.

Mrs. Eva Powell of Parkersburg, is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Frank Satterfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Devault, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Harden, all of Enterprise, motored to Smithtown Sunday and spent the day with their parents.

WHAT WEST VIRGINIA FOLKS SAY ABOUT IT.

Parkersburg, West Va.—"I suffered with female trouble since my third child was born. I suffered and was annoyed for some time. I tried several doctors who used local applications, with little benefit. A lady who had similar trouble had used Dr. Pierce's Healing Suppositories with success, and I sent for some. The use of them does far more for me than any other remedy, and makes me comfortable. I am grateful for them and am glad to recommend them."—Mrs. Tullie Arriva, 400 Litchfield Ave.

Lynchburg, Va.—"I can say that Favorite Prescription has proved a good remedy. I used it for the condition usual among women at forty-five. It did more than I could expect. It did me a wonderful amount of good. Only one bottle was used but the benefits were permanent."

"My husband used 'Golden Medical Discovery' for a cough and cold. He says it is the best medicine going. He gave it to the children and says that is why they are so well. We consider Dr. Pierce's remedies the standard family remedies."—Mrs. J. T. Macan, 1405 Jackson St.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots, and is not a secret remedy for its ingredients are printed on wrapper.

Get it today, either in liquid or tablet form, or write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free and confidential medical advice.

NO CHARGE FOR THIS BOOK.

Send three dimes (or stamps), to pay for wrapping and mailing and enclose this notice, and Doctor Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., will send you a revised copy of his Common Sense Medical Adviser, in cloth binding, 1008 pages, with color plates. Just what you need in case of sickness or accident. Treats of Physiology, Anatomy, sex problems, Marriage relations, Hygiene, Exercise, Disease and its prevention.

Fairmont Folk In Atlantic City

can get their favorite home paper

The West Virginian

every day at Bergdoll's News Agency, South Carolina and Atlantic avenues.

Quality
Purity
Accuracy
Safety

The four elements of successful medicines guaranteed by our label on your prescriptions.

Mountain City Drug Co.

Opposite Court House



Up to the Mark

In every particular you will find our sweet and golden butter, fresh laid eggs, cheese and dairy products of all kinds, and we never fail to touch the mark. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and we exercise it in the choice and care of our butter, eggs, teas and coffees.

Chicago Dairy Co.

309 Madison Street.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I am going to get well!

As soon as the doctor told me this, I managed to tell dear Alice that she must buy me a little rec-book like the ones she put away for me before I came to the hospital.

Although I was not able to write at all when she brought you to me, dear little book, I kept you under my pillow all the time.

A new life, a new little book! I am all new—a new Margie Waverly, who has blotted the old pages from her memory and is going to begin all over again.

Just for a moment, however, I am going to tell you, dear little new book, of my awful feeling when my good Vienna doctor told me of the operation. I was not afraid of the operation, neither was I afraid of dying, but oh, I was terribly afraid of the suffering I would have to undergo for some years if the operation was unsuccessful.

A woman loses interest and is only a thing of commiseration as soon as she becomes an invalid.

Poor old Dick! How hard he tried to be good to me! He surrounded me with every comfort that money could buy. It must have been a perfect hell for him to see me lying there like a log and unconsciously picture the girl he married—at that time he called me "the girl of color and flame."

Dear little new book, I am going to begin by confessing something terrible to you.

Toward the last of that awful year that I lay in bed I was always miserable when Dick came to see me. Sometimes when he would bend down and brush my lips with a kiss—the kind that one gives to one's aunt because one thinks one has to—I would almost go mad.

I didn't want ghosts of kisses. They only awaken horror.

Isn't it horrible little book to want sympathy, understanding and love and get only a sense of duty? And yet I don't believe I wanted passionate love from Dick, for I was very happy when Ellen or Auntie came in

and kissed me as though I were still alive—in fact I was quite content when Jim put his arms about me and gave me a real hug and said, "Margie you are a grand little girl," as he bade me goodbye.

I knew Jim was not the least in love with me, yet his caress was sweet because it told me I was still alive. It helped me along the weary way to the operating table much more than Dick's depressing farewell which seemed to me quite like one would give to dead.

Don't be shocked little book, I'm going to tell you what I think about kisses which are mostly the most soulless and conventional things in the world.

I was not the least in love with me, yet his caress was sweet because it told me I was still alive. It helped me along the weary way to the operating table much more than Dick's depressing farewell which seemed to me quite like one would give to dead.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(MOST VACATIONS DON'T SPELL REST.)—BY ALLMAN.

